

THE  
Knight and the Prelate:  
A  
NEW BALLAD.

To the TUNE of  
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

---

— *Pulchra Laverna*  
*Da mihi fallere; da justum sanctumque videri,*  
*Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.* HOR,

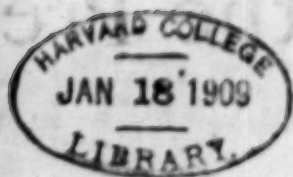
---

— Little Villains must submit to Fate,  
But Great ones may enjoy the World in State.  
Garth's Disp,

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for P. Holder, near St. James's, 1734. Price 6d.



*Subscription fund*

N E W B A L L A D

T H E  
Knight and the Prelate:

A  
N E W    B A L L A D.

## I.

**I**N the Island of *Britain* I sing of a K-----t,  
Much fam'd for dispensing his Favours *aright*;  
No Merit could he but what's *palpable* see,  
And he judg'd of Men's Worth by the Weight of  
their Fee.

*Derry down, &c.*

## II.

Of a P-----e I sing too, who liv'd in great Hope,  
(Tho' he rail'd at the Name) to be great as a Pope;  
All from him who to differ should prove so uncivil,  
Out of Zeal for their Souls, he consign'd to the Devil:

*Derry down, &c.*

## III.

To his Pride many truckled, yet others rebell'd,  
And would know by what Title his Power he held.  
Cries the P-----e alarm'd, 'This our utmost demands,  
Now the Ch--ch is at Stake, or, what's worse, our  
Ch--ch Lands.

*Derry down, &c.*

## B

## IV.



IV.

To the K----t then he ran, and cry'd, 'Save us  
from Ruin,  
' And mark what the Laymen against us are brewing;  
' They say they can without Ch--ch Spectacles see,  
' And can spy full as far in a Mill-stone as we.

*Derry down, &c.*

V.

' That our Right to Dominion nor my Brethren  
nor I know,  
' That our Coaches and Six are not *Jure divino*:  
' If Errors so impious are suffer'd to root,  
' As in primitive Times, we must tramp it on foot.

*Derry down, &c.*

VI.

My very good Friend, says the K----t, 'calm your  
Passion,  
' I smoke what you drive at, but --- no C-nv-c-t--n;  
' Should your Ch--ch Bellows blow up the Zeal of  
the Rabble,  
' You'd breed more Confusion than e'er was at *Babel*.

*Derry down, &c.*

VII.

Cries the B----p enrag'd, 'Is that your Pretence?  
' Consider, the Ch--ch is your *Rock of Defence*:  
' Your S---- *Sea* Escape in your Memory cherish,  
' When sinking you cry'd, help L---ds, or I perish.'

*Derry down, &c.*

VIII.

## VIII.

Heyday! quoth the K---t, 'why you're grown  
very bold;

'You forget sure his G---ce of *L-mb-th* is old:

'Tho' the Job might seem dirty, the Br-be you  
thought good,

'And are deep in the Mire, as I in the Mud.

*Derry down, &c.*

## IX.

Quoth the B----p, 'the Truth of this Proverb I note,

'*Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat,*

'If to free you when fast, we wade thro' the Mire,

'You must own that the *Labourer's* worthy his Hire.

*Derry down, &c.*

## X.

'A Th--f! cries the K----t, shake Hands then dear  
Brother,

'Since Receiver and Thief tally pat to each other;

'When to pry into Frauds you thought was not right,

'The World says you fear'd lest your own should see  
Light.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XI.

'That your Sp---t---l C---rts, all loudly complain,

'Instead of Reforming, mind nought but their Gain;

'That it is not the *Sin*, but the *Purse* that they war on,

'And thrive on Men's Vices, like Maggots on Carrion.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XII,

## XII.

‘ That was *Judas* alive he might lay by all Fears,  
 ‘ And demand to be try’d by his Sp---t---l P---rs;  
 ‘ For his Purse (could he but the Expedient hit on)  
 ‘ Would absolve him at *Rome*, and screen him in  
*Br-t--n*.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XIII.

Quoth the B----p, ‘ Alas, how unjust is their Bawling!  
 ‘ Why, Sinners to *save* is the *End* of our Calling;  
 ‘ With *Charity* always our Order begins,  
 ‘ And *Charity* covers a *Number* of Sins.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XIV.

‘ None but Infidels surely can make such a Bustle,  
 ‘ Since ’tis plain we’ve outdone each Saint and Apostle;  
 ‘ For they to procure such Offenders Salvation,  
 ‘ Did but hazard their Lives, while we venture  
*D-mn-t--n*.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XV.

‘ In our Courts on this *Maxim* Delinquents we fleece;  
 ‘ Take away but the Cause, the Effect soon must cease:  
 ‘ Then since *Money*, all grant, sends the most to the  
 Devil,  
 ‘ We devoutly take from them *that Root* of all Evil.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XVI.



## XVI.

If your Doctrine be true, the K ---- t strait replies,  
 ' I'll warrant 'em Heav'n, if they'll pass my Exc-se ;  
 ' But the Nation my Schemes with their Murmurs  
 controuls,  
 ' Or their Purses I'd squeeze for the Good of their Souls.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XVII.

Quoth the B ---- p, ' their Murmurs to still, preach  
 up Patience ;  
 ' Describe holy *Job* amidst his Vexations ;  
 ' Bid 'em imitate him ; but remember, be sure,  
 ' *To be patient as Job, they must first be as poor.*

*Derry down, &c.*

## XVIII.

' If Pelf, says the K ---- t, sends so many to Hell,  
 ' I wonder your L -- d --- p should love it so well ;  
 ' Tho' it is not yourself alone I need speak on ;  
 ' For most of you doat on't, from B ---- p to D -- c - n.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XIX.

Cries the B ---- p, ' From Scripture I speak for  
 myself,  
 ' Which bids us make Friends of unrighteous Pelf ;  
 ' When here for you on *Duty*, that for us can preach,  
 ' And from Town to a Cure in *Commendam* can reach.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XX.

## XX.

‘ I submit, says the K - - - t, for I know’t to be true,  
 ‘ That, howe’er you serve Heav’n, you give Mammon  
     his Due;  
 ‘ But can you at once two Masters obey,  
 ‘ Who require to be serv’d a quite contrary Way?

*Derry down, &c.*

## XXI.

‘ Quoth the P - - - - e, this Stuff to us B - - - ps is  
     Nonsense;  
 ‘ Sure you think like Dissenters, we’re troubled with  
     Conscience:  
 ‘ At St. P - - - /s ’tis our *outward* Man bows to the  
     Heavens,  
 ‘ ’Tis our *inward* that Mammon adores at \* *St. Stephens*;

*Derry down, &c.*

## XXII.

‘ Courage then, cries the K - - - t, I may yet be for-  
     given,  
 ‘ Or at worst, buy the B - - - p’s Reversions in Heaven.  
 ‘ My frequent Escapes in this World shew how true ’tis  
 ‘ That Gold is the only *Elixir Salutis*.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XXIII.

‘ All you then who into the Finances creep,  
 ‘ Ne’er piddle, but by Thousands the Tr - - f - ry sweep.  
 ‘ Your Safety depends on the *Weight* of the Sum,  
 ‘ For no Rope yet was made that could tie up a † Plum.

*Derry down, &c.*

\* The P - - - - - t H - - - se.

† A Man worth 100,000 l.